WOMAN'S PAGE

THE ENGLISH QUEEN.

Characteristic Stories and Anecdotes of the Venerable Victoria.

The particular difference between Queen Victoria and other queens who have occupied the English throne is that her character seems to be made up of virtues womanly and queenly in equal proportion, and that, while she has had a reign of unprecedented length and great success, she has been through it all a typical Englishwoman. Elizabeth, the other great Queen of English history, was more like a King than a Queen. She had not only a masculine intellect, but many of the ultra-masculine traits of men of those rude times. But Victoria has been, since she came to the succession in her girlhood, the first lady of the land, the proper model for every other English lady. She has made her husband and her children the center of her life; and that, too, is a distinctly English tradition. Englishwomen may not really love their families any more than other women do, but they make more of a point of their domesticity. They pose in their national literature, in history, and in the speeches of their countrymen, as homelovers and housekeepers above everything else.

There are stories and stories floating about in the newspapers in the last few weeks, nearly all of which illustrate this trait in the Queen's character. Here is one, told of the days when her children were small.

The Queen always made it a point to keep the religious instruction of her children as much as possible in her own hands. A good story illustrative of this is told to the effect that once, when the Archdeacon of London was catechising the young princes, he said:

"Your governess deserves great credit for instructing you so thoroughly."

At which the youngsters piped up:

"Oh, but it's mamma teaches us our catechism."

It is not, perhaps, generally known that the Queen occasionally taught a Bible class for the children of those in attendance at Buckingham Palace. The Princess Royal, when a child, and the Prince of Wales, too, needed the curb occasionally. Once the princess at a military review was coquetting with some officers of the escort and took no notice of warning looks by the Queen. Finally she dangled her handkerchief over the side of the carriage and dropped it intentionally. There was a rush of young officers to pick it up, but the Queen bade them desist, and, turning to the princess, said in a stern voice:

"Now, pick up your handkerchief yourself."

There was no help for it. The young princess, with flaming cheeks and a saucy toss of the head, did as she was told.

Prince Albert, of course, as is always the case in a well-regulated English family, was of one mind with the Queen in all matters of domestic discipline. On one occasion he had to follow very much the same policy as this with the youthful Prince of Wales. He was riding in company with his father, and for once forgot his usual politeness and neglected to acknowledge the salute of a passerby. Prince Albert, observing it, said:

"Now, my son, go back and return that man's bow."

And he had to do it.

There is very little formality in the Queen's household, after one has passed the barriers. There is a story, which is not entirely new, about a small girl who, with her father and mother, once had the honor of taking a meal with the Queen at Windsor. The small girl had been carefully taught by her nurse that it was impolite to take up bones in one's fingers and gnaw them. During the meal the Queen took occasion—very daintily, to be sure—to nibble the wing of a chicken in that manner. The child's eyes grew round with reproach, and pointing a diminutive finger at her royal hostess, she exclaimed with great distinctness: "Piggy, piggy, piggy!" The feelings of the father and mother can be imagined, but the Queen's genuine amusement and kindly tact soon made matters right; and she gently explained to the culprit that queens could do what it was not proper for little girls to do.

It is not altogether in the supposedly turbulent life of republics that the sovereign is in danger of assassination from some crazy fanatic, not is it confined to despotisms. The government of England is as democratic as it can be and be a monarchy, and there could be no monarch more personally beloved than the present Queen, yet her life has been five times attempted.

Up to the year 1861 the life of Queen Victoria had been one of unbroken, tranquil happiness. Her mother, to whom she was deeply attached, was spared to enjoy a peaceful old age. Her husband was to her all that a devoted and loving companion could be, and their nine children were growing up, healthy, happy and dutiful. All that the world could grant, of wealth and honor, were hers, and her eldest daughter had been happily wedded to the heir of one of the most powerful kingdoms of Europe, Frederick of Prussia, a prince whose amiable virtues and intelligence added luster to his brilliant rank. In May, 1861, the Queen lost her mother, and in December came a far greater blow in the death of the prince consort. The Queen met her bereavement with that vehemence of grief so often manifested by those who have a life of unruffled happiness suddenly interrupted by a great sorrow. Her loss so preyed upon her mind that for a number of years she lived in absolute retirement, avoiding as far as possible all public and social duties, indulging her melancholy to the fullest extent. This spectacle of inconsolate grief amid the gorgeous surroundings of royalty produced a great effect upon the English people and gave to the Queen a hold upon the affections of her subjects which she could never have won through her personality alone.

And even now the Queen dislikes much publicity, and so, when Manchester wanted her to open its great ship canal—she was then to be on her way from Italy to Scotland—she wanted to beg off, so far as her appearance in Manchester was concerned, and to participate outside a few minutes in her yacht. But Manchester wouldn't have it, and she therefore yielded, and when she reached Balmoral, wired her loyal Lancashire folk that she had not been fatigued by her reception and had had one of the pleasantest experiences of her life.

It was consideration for others that induced the Queen, at the age of sixty-eight, to undertake the task of learning Hindustani. Of course, she is, as royal personages generally are, a fair linguist, but she is probably the only royal personage in Europe who has undertaken to learn an Asiatic language. She had really become quite proficient in her Hindustani. She took it up in order that she might converse in their own tongue with the Indian royalties who come from time to time to pay their respects to her.

The Empress Eugenie used to say: "Queen Victoria is a great matchmaker." She has certainly justified the title. They say that one of her recent efforts to make up an alliance between a lady and gentleman of the court was not received by the lady chiefly interested with the enthusiastic approval which the Queen had been accustomed to expect. The contumacious damsel quoted scripture: "He who marries doeth well, but he who doth not marry doeth still better." "Well, my child," replied the Queen, "you must be content with doing well, and let those who can do better."

The tradition that "the Queen never smiles" is old in England—as old as her reign. The hundreds of photographs of her majesty sold in all parts of the world invariably show the one expression, the heaviness of the face accentuated by the pronounced droop of the long upper lip.

But, nevertheless, the Queen does smile. A number of years ago Charles Knight, a photographer at Newport, Isle of Wight, secured a likeness of her which shows her majesty, not merely smiling, but broadly laughing.

How did it happen that such a likeness was obtained? In this way: The Queen was visiting Newport. The mayor of the city was presenting in a verbose and fulsome speech, a magnificent bouquet. He had carefully committed the speech to memory, but in his anxiety to make a favorable impression, with his courtly manners, his pomp and splendor of royal velvet and fur-trimmed robe, medals, cocked hat and cable chains of gold, he "lost his place."

After some stammering and stuttering, he suddenly shouted: "I've forgotten the rest," and stood gazing at the Queen like a stupid schoolboy on visitors' day. Then her majesty laughed outright, and the flustered and heartbroken mayor dropped the bouquet and fled. While the Queen was laughing Knight, the photographer, took the picture.

The following story is told to illustrate the conscientiousness and merciful use which the Queen has always made of her pardoning power. On one occasion she was called upon to sign a death warrant—that of a man who had been condemned to death by court-martial. The paper was presented by the "Iron Duke," Wellington.

"Is there nothing to say in behalf of this man?" asked the Queen, trying in vain to restrain her emotion.

"He is a deserter for the fourth time," answered the duke, sternly.

"Oh, your grace, try to recall something in his favor."

"Your majesty," answered the duke, "he is not a brave soldier, but is said to be a good man."

"Oh, thank you, thank you," answered the Queen, much relieved, and, dashing a tear from her eyes, she wrote "pardoned" across the warrant, and gave it again to the surprised Wellington.

Writing of the Queen in the Review of Reviews last March, Mr. W. T. Stead had this to say:

"It may at least be said for monarchy, as it has been said for the stage—it has given woman an opportunity and a career denied her elsewhere. No system of governments as yet devised by man, save monarchy alone, could have secured for a woman such an innings as our Queen has had. All existing republican systems have carefully provided against the possibility of any woman ever having any such chance, by denying to all women any right even to stand as a candidate for supreme office. And from my point of view this alone, other things being equal, would turn the balance in favor of the crown."

MONEY.

American Artist Says We Are a People of One Idea.

An artist friend of mine who had lived many years of his life in Paris and London was speaking to me the other day of a curious phase he had remarked in our American life. He had been accustomed over there to have his studio the meeting place of many friends, who would drop in to smoke and lounge away an hour, chatting as he worked. To his astonishment, he tells me that since he has been in New York not one of the many men he knows has ever passed an hour in his studio. Does not that seem a very significant fact? Another remark which points its own moral was repeated to me recently. A foreigner visiting here, to whom American friends were showing the sights of our city, at last said: "You have not pointed out to me yet any celebrities except millionaires. 'Do you see that man? He is worth ten millions. Look at that house! It cost $1,000,000, and there are pictures in it worth over $3,000,000. That trotter cost $100,000, etc.'" Was he not right? And does it not give my reader a shudder to see in black and white the phrases that are, nevertheless, so often on our lips?

This leveling of everything to its cash value is so ingrained in us that we are entirely unconscious of it, just as one is unconscious of using a slang or local expression until our attention is called to it. I remember being present at a farce played at a London theater, where the audience went into roars of laughter every time the stage American said, "Why, certainly." I was indignant, and began explaining that we never used such an absurd phrase. "Are you sure?" asked my friend. "Why, certainly," I said, and stopped, catching the twinkle in his eye.

It is very much the same thing with money. We do not notice how often it slips into the conversation. "Out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh." Talk to a friend of a painter and the charm of his work. He will be pretty sure to ask, "Does he sell his pictures well?" He will lose his interest if you say he can't sell them at all. As if that had anything to do with it! Remembering the well-known anecdote of Schopenhauer and the gold piece that he used to put beside his plate at the table d'hote where he ate, surrounded by the young officers of the German army, and which was to be given to the poor the first time he heard any conversation that was not about promotion or women, I have been tempted to try the experiment in our clubs, only changing the subjects to stocks and sport, and feel confident that my contributions to charity will not ruin me.—New York Evening Post.

MISS BROOKS, OF BROOKLYN.

The Girl Who Jumped Six Feet and One Inch.

Six feet and one inch is a fine record for a running high jump, and for a woman it is extraordinary.

It has been made by a seventeen-year-old Brooklyn school girl. The world's amateur record is at present held by M. F. Sweeney, with 6 feet 5 3-8 inches. Ten years ago the best man could not beat the jump of 6 feet and 1 inch made by Miss Louise Brooks. In 1887 the record for the United States was held by E. W. Johnson, with only 5 feet 11 inches.

Miss Brooks is the daughter of George W. Brooks, the well-known manufacturer, and is the champion feminine athlete of Adelphi Academy. For eight years she has been a pupil in that school and an enthusiastin athletics and gymnastics. She easily carries off the palm as the best all-round athlete in a large class of girl gymnasts, and her powers and endurance, her grace and agility, are simply marvelous.

Miss Brooks comes of a family of athletes. She is the only daughter among six children. Her five brothers are all athletes and her eldest brother was a champion of Amherst during his college life. From a tiny girl Miss Louise loved outdoor sports better than the pastimes usually sought by little maids. Tops, marbles, and ball were her toys instead of dolls and miniature dishes and housekeeping utensils. She learned to throw a ball like a boy—a clean, straight throw—instead of in the curiously lame fashion which most girls adopt. She grew up a sturdy, straight-limbed maiden with well-developed muscles. When she went to the academy she took to the gymnasium as a duck takes to water.

From the ordinary course of gymnastics she passed to more difficult feats. Trapeze, swinging rings, parallel bars and jumping she conquered one after the other, growing constantly in grace and suppleness, until today she is the acknowledged all-round champion of the school, praised by the physical instructor and adored by her classmates.

If you ask for Miss Brooks at her home ten to one you will be told she is at the Adelphi playing field, near Classon avenue, between Park place and Prospect Park. The field, which is about ten minutes' walk from the academy, contains ball fields, tennis courts, running tracks and a grand stand with seats for 250 persons. Underneath the grand stand are dressing rooms with lockers and bathrooms. Here the fair young champion and her chums go early in the morning, take their luncheon, and stay all day, playing ball, tennis or riding their wheels.

It was here I found Miss Brooks one day last week. When I asked for her, from a group of rosy-cheeked, glorious-eyed young Hebes, there stepped forth a young girl in plain black skirt, shirt waist, Alpine hat and a jaunty jacket, into whose pockets her hands were thrust in boyish fashion. Miss Brooks is 5 feet 6 inches, weighs 150 pounds, wears a good, sensible 6 1-2 shoe, and draws on her strong, white hands 6 1-4 gloves. She has frank blue eyes, fair hair parted in the middle, without the suspicion of anything so frivolous as bangs or crimps, drawn smoothly back and braided in school girl fashion. She has a straight nose, good mouth, even white teeth, and a color like the blush on a nice, hard fall apple. She is extremely diffident about her achievements, and it is only by repeated questioning that one can get any information from her.

"Yes, I made quite a jump for a girl," she said. "How much was it Sophie?" turning to one of the young goddesses who stood by.

"Now, Brooks, you know it was a perfectly splendid jump. Six feet and one inch," triumphantly cried the other.

"What was the position you took?"

"This," and the girl slightly bent her supple body, raising and extending the arms a little and closing the hands. "Why, it's nothing. Anyone can do it with practice. Besides, I do not think I am much of a jumper. I am better at handball, which is really quite an unusual sport for girls, and at the parallel bars."

"Now, Brooks, what is the use of your being so modest?" cried one of the girls. "She can do anything—she's perfectly wonderful. She rides beautifully—you just ought to see her ride a boy's wheel—and she's a crack tennis player and no one can beat her in the gymnasium."

"Will you let me see you throw and catch a ball?"

"Why, yes, if you wish," said the girl athlete, good-humoredly. "Here, Phil, pitch me the ball."

She moved to a field where two young fellows were pitching and tossing ball. Taking her place, she settled her Alpine hat a little more firmly over her blonde braids, and flung the ball as resolutely and with as unerring an aim as either of the boys who tossed it back to her.

"Handball is one of the best games there is," said Miss Brooks, on returning to the grand stand. "You see, it develops both sides of the body and exercises arms and legs alike."

"You bike, of course?"

"Oh, yes; I am just going to get into my bloomers for a ride on one of the boys' wheels."

She disappeared for a few moments, and presently came back looking like a sturdy boy. She had discarded her Alpine hat and was bare-headed. She selected a high boy's wheel, mounted it with admirable dexterity and was off.

I never saw anything like Miss Brooks' mounting. There was no hop, skip and jump, no floundering, no grasshopper-like contortions. She simply threw one leg over her wheel, even as a cavalryman throws his leg over his prancing steed. And there she was.

And how she rode! Flying around the course like a race horse, she came on down the home stretch, cheeks glowing, eyes flashing, yellow braid and black ribbon bobbing in the wind.

"Isn't she lovely?" said the girl who sat by my side watching her. "I tell you, we are all proud of her. And I wish you could see her dance. She dances as beautifully as she does everything else. And she makes the most delicious fudge, and she's president of the B. G. V. G.'s."

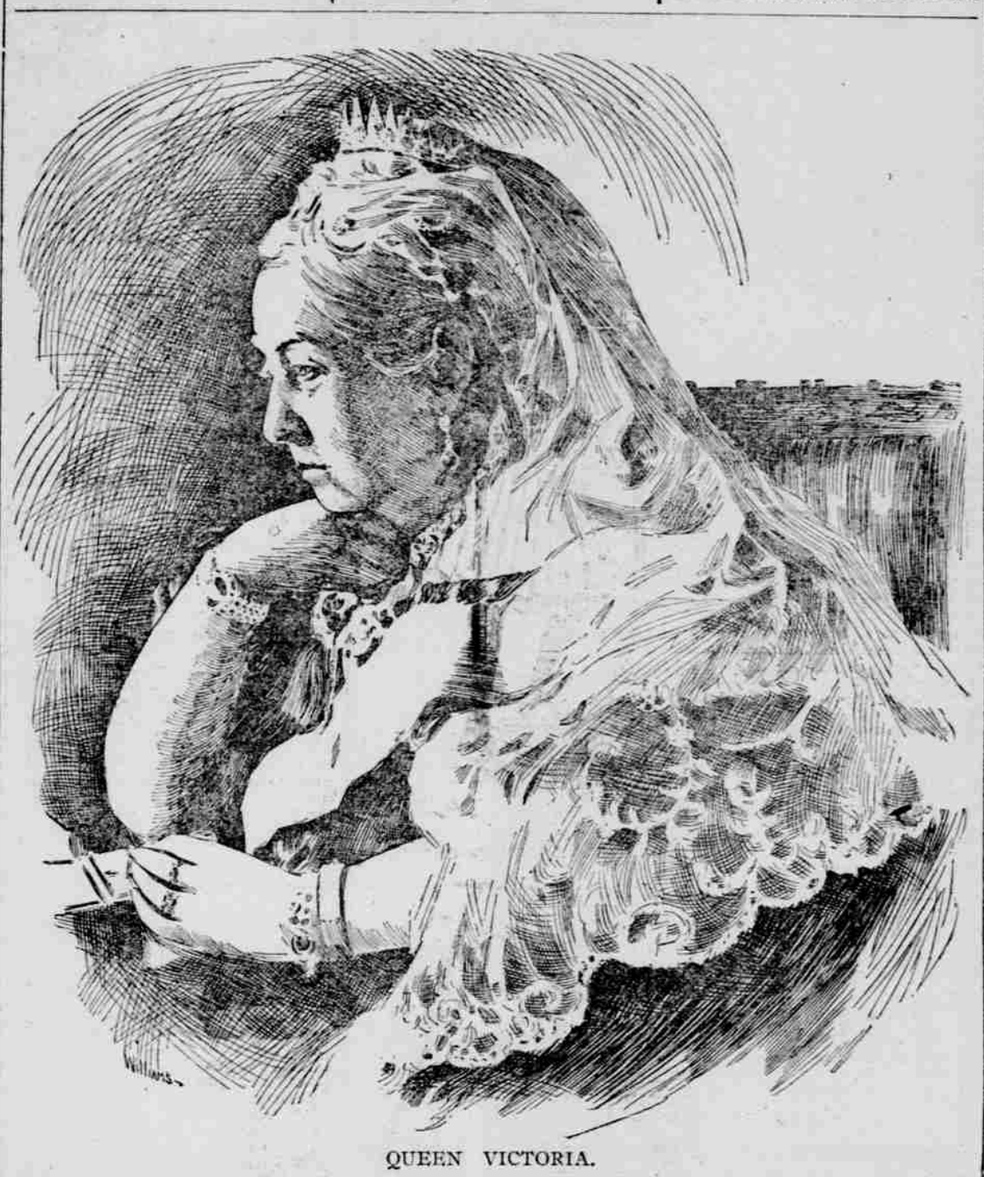
"What is fudge, and what is the B. G. V. G.?"

"My!" said the girl, with a commiserating smile. "Don't you know what fudge is? It's candy and it's made in a chafing dish. Brooks knows how to work the chafing dish capitally."

"Miss Brooks, what do you love better than athletics?"

"Why, nothing," with a little surprised smile.

Miss Brooks goes to Smith College this fall, where she will devote herself as much to athletics as to study.—New York Journal.



QUEEN VICTORIA.

MODERN GREEK HOUSEKEEPING

Methods and Utensils Little Improved Since the Days of Homer.

Modern Greece might well have postponed the conquest of Crete for the cobquest of the kitchen.

In no country in the world, supposed to be at all civilized, is housekeeping in such a primitive and backward state, as in this little sea-surrounded land which has had thirty centuries to learn from, and all the world for a teacher.

Perhaps part of the fault of the modern Greek cooking is in the stomachs of the men. A creature walking on two legs who will deliberately put powdered resin into his wine and drink off the nauseous mixture with gusto, wouldn't appreciate a good meal if he could get it. The resined wine is universal in Greece. It cannot be much worse, however, than the wine of ancient times, in which was frequently mixed powdered limestone and other strong stuff. Pike county whisky would be tasteless to a Greek.

The housewife who provides food for the Greek resin-lovers has to cook dishes with "a tang to them." She mixes the soup with vinegar, producing a sour nauseous mess not fit for civilized palates. Of salt, on the contrary, she uses little. When one asks for it, a lump of rock salt is put in to a mortar and brayed in his presence. The fresh, white butter she puts on the table is hardly palatable to a Western appetite without a dash of salt. The goats' milk cheese is hard, white and uneatable. But the Greek women have learned from the Turks to make delicious sweetmeats and preserves of citron and other fruits. Quinces are eaten raw—another proof of the strength of the Greek digestion. The confection known as loukoumi, or "Turkish delight," resembling marsh mallow, is commonly eaten just before afternoon coffee, which is always made in the Turkish manner and is therefore generally excellent.

A favorite dish is made of the grains of barley soaked in water until soft, and mixed with dried currants. Salad is unknown in the country. Even in the best hotels it is made uneatable by the resinous taste due to the wine from which the vinegar is made. Upon most tables are placed, in lieu of toothpicks, tiny cups containing sprigs of aromatic seeds; one of the favorite Greek delicacies is the seed of the pine cone, which is fatter and more meaty than in America.

Outside of the big hotels in Athens and a few private houses, there is neither stove nor range in Greece. All the cooking is done by open fires. The housewife does not even have a swinging crane to hang her pots on over the fire, but sets them on iron tripods, precisely as was done 2,000 years ago, and crouches in front to tend them, feeding the fire with sprouts trimmed from the grapevines. Around the same fire the family sleep at night, flat on the floor, upon rugs and blankets, of which every household possesses a good supply. When the women are not busy at anything else they are making rugs by hand. These are sometimes rag carpets, not unlike those dear to the heart of the New England housewife a generation ago, or they may be woven new from coarse but strong homespun woolen yarn, or extemporized out of coarse sacking, or pieced together of scraps of cloth, crazy-quilt fashion. The colors are almost always crude and harsh yellows, greens and reds. Beds are quite unknown outside of two or three cities. An occasional refinement is to put a raised platform about the fire, but this is made no softer to lie upon by its height.

Sometimes the air is cold in the Greek mountains, and recourse is had, as in Spain and Morocco, to brasiers for burning charcoal. These differ not at all from those used 2,000, 3,000, or even 4,000 years ago in Rome, Greece, and Egypt. Sometimes in poor families a wooden box on legs is used for a stove, a bed of ashes forming some slight protection against burning the house down. When the smoke from the burning charcoal in the brazier threatens to stifle the people in the room, the housewife, with a knowing smile, puts half a lemon on the coals. The smell of the burning acid makes the air of the room more agreeable, but probably not more wholesome.

The family stable, if there is one, is under the main living room, where there is every convenience that a horse could desire. And if flocks of chickens invade the floor of the house itself at times, they are large enough to be seen and easily driven away—in which they differ from other numerous animated inhabitants, of which the flea is by no means the most troublesome. The walls, which may be of mud bricks, of stone, of wood, or of thatch, in any case harbor vermin readily, and are always open and draughty.

Of furniture a Greek house has practically none. Instead of a chair a tall box is used. In the middle of the top is a finger hole to lift it by. For a guest, a pillow or a folded blanket is put on top of the box, and a back can easily be managed by setting it near the wall. Crockery is almost an unknown quantity. Almost every house has two or three plates and glasses "for best," and plenty of tiny tin coffee pots. For carrying water gourds are commonly used, though in some houses there are odd little wooden pitchers hollowed out of solid blocks of wood with infinite labor. Wine is now not often carried in wine skins, as in the old days, but the cheese of the country is wrapped in sheepskin cases, of which the "skinny side out and the hairy side in" resemble the famous overcoat of Bryan O'Lynn, but do not make one like the cheese any better.

Unlike the peasants of more northern climes, the Greek woman has but little linen to care for, and that little is of poor quality, woven from coarse, uneven and knotty yarn. As the country has not yet advanced so far even as the hand spinning wheel, yarn is always spun by the distaff in the same old laborious way employed by the handmaids of Penelope. The picturesque kilts, or fustanellas, worn by the women are not made of homespun linen, but of coarse imported cotton cloth bleached to an exquisite whiteness. They are about the only articles of clothing in Greece which always seem satisfactorily clean, and they, with the red Albanian caps, are the most picturesque bits of costume left in Europe by the great leveling agencies of modern life.

LONG DRINKS FOR BICYCLERS.

Cool Draughts That Refresh Tired Riders During the Hot Days.

Those who know anything at all of wheeling realize how imperative is the desire for a "long drink" after even a comparatively short ride. Men who are accustomed to take nips, "pick-me-ups," and other spurs to poor, jaded humanity, acknowledge frankly that when the natural thirst created by their ride is to be quenched, none of these perilous friends appeal to them. Even beer, except of the very lightest, is too heavy. Should these drinks, however, satisfy for the moment, there is the return ride to be considered, and for that the head must be clear and the nerves steady. It is just here that the thoughtful, common-sense housewife will perceive her power. Not only will she seek for every refreshing and delicious drink that old-fashioned housekeepers were famous for, but she will arm herself with the inexpensive, but invaluable appliances to aid her in her concoctions that may now be found in the market.

The glass preserving jar is indispensable in saving the juices of the various fruits that will soon be coming to market in bewildering confusion, these juices may be concentrated in such a manner that in some cases a tablespoonful will make a generous and rich pitcherful with the addition of water. Wholesale druggists have been doing this very thing for years, and the syrups they manufacture when fruit is cheap are sold at enormous profit.

Another indispensible is a fruit press. The first cost is small, and, with care, they will last for years. For experimenting, there is a small arrangement that costs but 25 cents, but, as this is made of tin, the juice must not remain standing in it or it will discolor. The fruit press proper costs $2.50, but soon pays for itself, both in the saving of fruit and labor.

While in a house furnishing store, before whose fascinations even the milliner's showcase cannot hold its own, the reader is counseled to look about with the "long drink" in mind. The sloping mug or tumbler, narrow at the bottom and widening out in a most inviting way at the top, holding never less than half a pint; how this enhances the refreshment of the draught. While preserving is going on, let this be kept in mind, and be provided for, for it is becoming a necessity in almost every household. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Tamarinds are in season throughout the year, but are best in May and June. Not only are they cooling, but are nutritious and wholesome for children, as well as their elders. If the water is colored with some of the fruit juices its appearance is much improved. Dissolve two tablespoonfuls of tamarind pulp in a pint of rather hot water, cover, when cold, strain, washing the pulp with the back of a spoon, sweeten, strain again through a fine sieve, add chopped ice, and it is ready for use. Tamarind whey is also ever good, and is made by dissolving two tablespoonfuls of the pulp in a pint of milk, and straining and sweeting to taste. Another wholesome drink and an excellent "head clearer" is home-made orange phosphate. Keep a bottle of phosphate by a good maker at hand, add a tablespoonful of this to the juice of an orange, flavor with orange water, sweeten to taste, and fill up the glass from a syphon of soda water just taken from the ice. The famous English "lemon squash" is made by squeezing the whole or half a lemon in a tumbler, sweetening and filling up from an ice-cold syphon; it is very refreshing.

Home-made wines are becoming popular once more, and there is none more deserredly so than elder flower and elderberry, and although these last named are not displayed in the market, they may be had if ordered. In many suburbs and country places they may be gathered wild in abundance.

Mix together half a pint of elder flowers, four pounds of sugar and a cake of compressed yeast; put in a small cask, stir every morning for a week, then cork the bung and it will be ready to bottle in six weeks.

Elderberry wine—Upon every four quarts of berries stripped from the stem, pour three quarts of boiling water, press down well and let stand over night in a stone jar. Strain in the morning and press out the remaining juice; allow three pounds of sugar, a pound of raisins and whole ginger to taste for every gallon of juice; boil gently for twenty minutes, skim and when tepid add a cake of compressed yeast, put in a dry, sweet cask, which must be filled. When there is no longer any signs of fermentation paste stiff brown paper over the bung hole. This may be used in six weeks, but will keep any length of time.

A Heart-Breaking Disappointment.

It was spring.

"It will surprise her," he said.

He stretched and yanked and hammered and grunted. The carpet was all down when she came in. He led her into the parlor, his face beaming with pride.

"There," he said, pointing to his work; "now say that I take no interest in our home!"

She gave a glance at it and then burst into tears.

"Why, what is the matter?" he asked.

"You have——"

Her sobs grew violent.

"Put it down——"

A look of agony spread over his face.

"Wrong side up!"

With a horrid laugh, he ran down the cellar stairs and hid in the coal bin.—New York World.

Constant Change.

Stranger—But I hear that your New England climate is exceedingly variable.

Native—Not a bit of it; quite the contrary. It is pretty much the same all year round—continually changing.—Boston Transcript.

Open to Interpretation.

"Old Gotrox says he got rich by saving what other people threw away."

"Oh, yes. Did he also state that anything not nailed down he considered as thrown away?"—Indianapolis Journal.

THE ECONOMY CLUB.

The hammock had come out on the porch for the first time this season, and barring a mended place where Dick had put his foot through it last October, seemed as strong as ever and as ready for fun. It was a homemade hammock in the first place. Rose and Dick had made it one vacation when they were at the seashore with nothing particular to do on rainy days. There have been directions for making hammocks in all the papers and magazines at one time or another, and you will probably see some before very long. Suffice it to say that besides having a peculiar strength and gorgeousness, due to the carefully selected twine and Dick's strong young fingers, that hammock has the glory and the beauty of the whole summer in it. Woven into its red and yellow bands were evenings by the driftwood fire, and days in the old sailor loft, where somebody read "Treasure Island" and "David Copperfield" to them as they worked; there were days by the sandy beach and days on the piney "point" just out of sight of the ocean. That hammock has more than paid for itself.

Rose has since been adding to its beauty and comfort by many pillows. She has a fancy for pillows, not the ready-made ones which are sold in the shops, but individual pillows, and her collection is really worth seeing. There is the pillow made from a piece of her grandmother's ball gown—very carefully handled, that pillow, with its brocade flowers and satin. There is another covered on one side with Indian embroidery and filled with pine needles. There is a funny little round one, as hard as a brickbat, which is a reminiscence of the old sofa on which the children used to play at grandmother's and which finally had to be consigned to the attic because its constitution had suffered from so many pillow fights. The pillow, with its horsehair cover, was saved from the wreck and re-covered with a piece of silk tapestry, and is just the thing to slip under the middle of one's spine in a hammock.

There are other pillows, covered with silk and tapestry and silkoline and cretonne and a piece of a college flag, and a square of grandmother's patchwork, and almost anything else that a pillow can be covered with, but none of them too good to be "fired" (Dick's word for it) across the room in a pillow fight. Pillow fights are an institution in that house.

Somebody has been collecting statistics about divorces, and has found that nearly nine-tenths of them are more or less induced by things being thrown at the injured party. The instinct of throwing things is not confined to boys, and though the mother of Rose and Dick and their younger brothers and sisters never formulated any theory to the effect that a pillow fight was a good safety valve for young tempers, I suspect that it is. If Rose and Dick have some small disagreement and Rose catches up a down cushion and throws it at Dick to emphasize a point, it doesn't hurt him, even if it hits him, and it emphasizes the point much better than peppery adjectives. And the disagreement is likely to end in a frolic.

Be that as it may, Rose's pillows are very pretty, very numerous and very useful. Not all of them are hammock pillows by any means. Some of them will come in play these balmy nights, when everybody feels reluctant to go indoors and fight the gas and attract June bugs and mosquitoes, and the whole family gathers on the steps to hear some one play the guitar. You have seen those porch seats which are simply round or square cushions with one of oilcloth and the other of denim. They are easy to make and pretty and useful when made.

One of the quaint and pretty adjuncts to Rose's room is a sort of dwarf seat made out of a cracker box. She got an ordinary box, uncompromisingly rectangular, and a roll of cotton and some excelsior. She also bought some cretonne of a flowered pattern, all blossoming out with red roses and forget-me-nots on a cream ground. She tacked this straight around the sides and back of the box, putting most of the tacks, of course, on the edge which came under the lid and on the bottom. On the lid she put a layer of excelsior and over that a layer of cotton and tacked more cretonne over it so as to make a thickly-cushioned seat. Then she made a cushion, just the same length as the box and about two-thirds its height, covered it with the cretonne and tacked it tightly to the back of the box. The result is what looks like a Lilliputian sofa. She keeps her boots and shoes inside and sits on it when she wants a particularly low seat.

One of the pretty fashions of pillow making is to have the two sides different; one blue or pink and the other old gold, for a couch. One can turn up the yellow side on a dull gray day when more sunshine is desirable or add a note of pink or blue to the room by a different arrangement. We are beginning to see that the arrangement of things is important and that it does not matter so much whether our furniture all "matches" as whether it makes a harmonious color scheme. The Japanese householder will spend ten times the trouble and a great many more hours in planting a tree in his garden than any American would think of taking. He is very particular that it shall be in exactly the right place to lend an added grace to the landscape. One touch of blue, or pink, or scarlet will make such a difference in a room sometimes that one's spirits feel it instantly, like a change in the atmosphere. And it doesn't need a very sensitive person to feel this either. Any laborer knows that there is a difference between a kitchen with a pot of red geranium in the window and a kitchen with nothing visible but pots and pans, and, other things being equal, he likes the red geranium kitchen best.

It might be a good thing if our girls, instead of trying to paint pictures and plaques, would study the artistic arrangement of rooms more than they do. But this is only a suggestion.

The Poets of the Jubilee.

The poets are already at work. Recordreign songs and odes and other bardic effusions are appearing by the yard. One delightful Scotch poet is convinced that the various animals living in the Queen's dominions will feel a jubilee thrill, and accordingly states that:

The kangaroo, the crocodile, the tiger and the bear,
The reindeer mild, the llama wild, the timid English hare,
Alike are startled in their homes by the unique refrain,
"God save the Queen, God save the realm, long may Victoria reign."

Strange to say, even Mr. Labouchere is poetically affected. He goes out of his way to observe that "On this great day of fetes and feasts all men rejoice—then why not beasts?" The caustic editor of Truth continues:

The bull will bellow at his best,
While donkeys all will bray with zest,
Horn, hide and shell, hoof, fur and feather,
For once with man shall join together—
Union of hearts at length appears,
Because the Queen's reigned sixty years.
—New York Mail and Express.

Journalism for Young Ladies.

The great editor of the moral journal for young ladies looked up from his paper and rang the bell sharply.

"James," he said to his assistant, "I see that the Turkish army has captured a magazine. Our enormous circulation precludes any doubt that it could be other than a copy of the Moral Journal for Young Ladies. Send at once for Miss Hashmore, and get her to write it up with special space given to the delight of the Turks on reading its weekly Bible lesson. That will give it tone. Date the article 'Larissa,' and sign it 'A Red Cross Nurse in the Ranks.' Use all haste and we will advertise it for our next issue."—Hartford Post.